

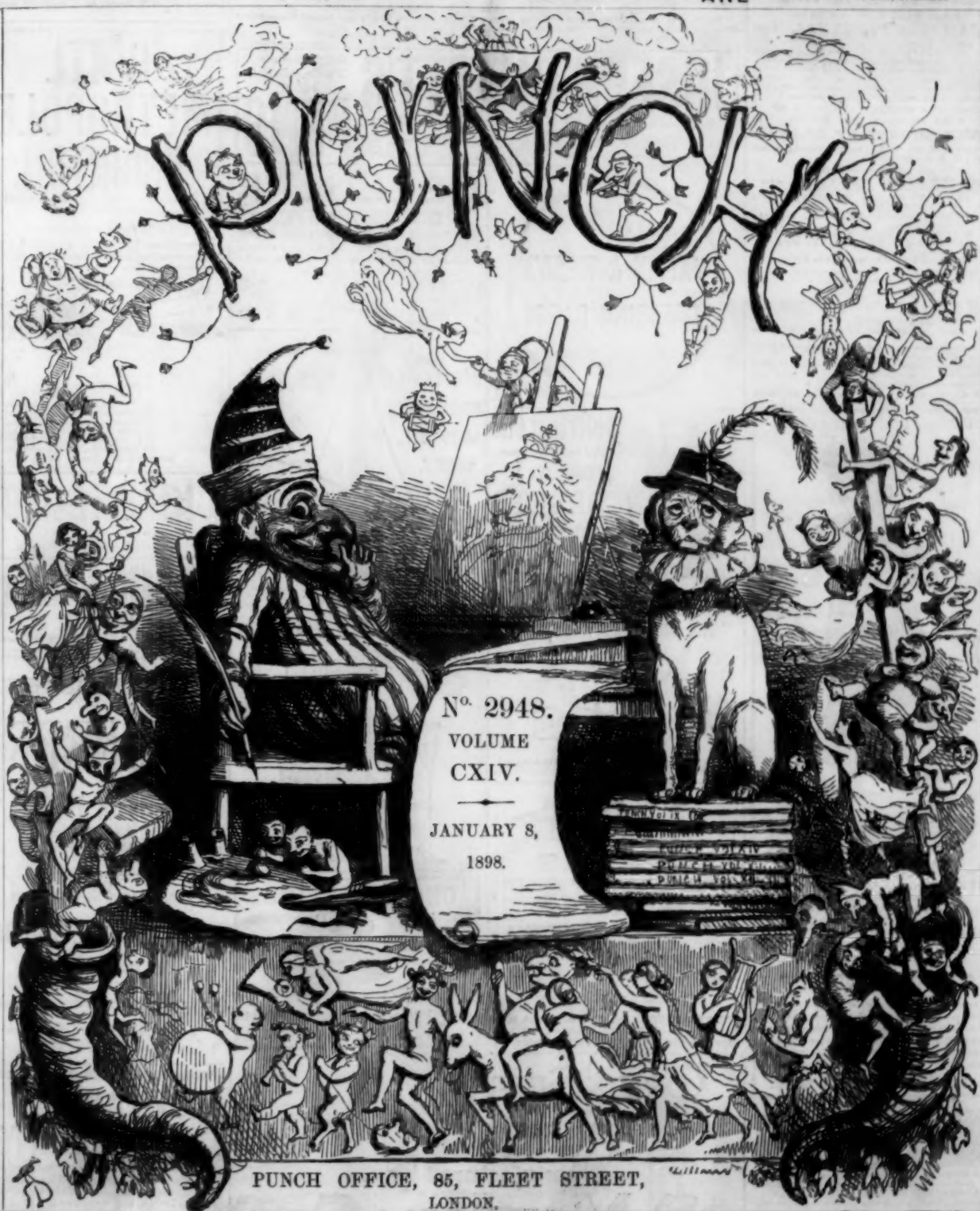
GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, LONDON.
HÔTEL VICTORIA, LONDON.
FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.
BURLINGTON HOTEL, EASTBOURNE.

THE GORDON HOTELS

ARE

ROYAL PIER HOTEL, RYDE, I. W.
CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL, MARGATE.
LORD WARDEN HOTEL, DOVER.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, FOLKESTONE.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, MONTE CARLO.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, CANNES.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

"None richer in flesh-forming and invigorating constituents."

On Sale at all Booksellers and Bookstalls.
FIRST PART—NEW VOLUME OF
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL,
January 1898. Price 7d.
SECOND EDITION AT PRESS.

FIRST PART NEW SERIES OF
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL. Now
Ready Price 7d.
"A miniature library in General Literature.
Something for all classes of Readers."—*Scotsman*.
"An admirable combination of what is best in the
old and the new style of Periodical."—*Observer*.
"The articles are delightfully blended, instruction
and information holding a conspicuous place."
CONTAINS OPENING CHAPTERS OF
JOHN BUCHAN'S NEW NOVEL,
JOHN BURNET OF BARNES.
Complete Stories by J. ARTHUR BARNY, JAMES
PAYNE, D. L. JENNINGS.

Among other articles in
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL ARE
THE FATE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S
MANUSCRIPTS.
AT THE MAKING OF CANADA. ISABELLA
EVANS MARY.
WATER, THE MODERN RIVAL OF COAL.
THE HIBERN OF THE PLAINS. By ROBERT
FORSYTH.
THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS, &c.
Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d., or including postage to
any address at home or abroad, 8s. 6d.

PRESS OPINIONS ON
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
CHRISTMAS NUMBER. Price 1s.
"In quality and quantity will compare with the
best."
"A wholesome corrective to the mass of illu-
strated literature."
"Chambers's does not rely upon pictorial illu-
strations for its popularity, but rather upon the
excellence of its reading matter."
W & R. CHAMBERS, Ltd., London & Edinburgh.

With apologies to Hail Caine.



A "Christian" residing at Peel,
Had a cough which he could not conceal,
But his letter of thanks
(Couched in excellent "Manx")
Says he's cured by the usual pastille
(GERAUDEL'S).

IF YOU COUGH

USE
GERAUDEL'S PASTILLES.

Let your lungs be filled with the vapour of
Norwegian Pine Tar, which they give off whilst
dissolving in the mouth. The efficacy of Pine
Tar in all affections of the Throat and Lungs is
well known, the best mode of applying it is by in-
halation, and the mouth makes the best inhaler.

ALL CHEMISTS SELL THEM.

**Goddard's
Plate Powder**

NON-MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be
the Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver,
Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS.
Sold every where, in boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN
ON
DR. RIDGE'S
PATENT COOKED FOOD

THE DRY WINE CO., 56, Pall Mall, S.W.

SPECIALITY:
PURE NATURAL DRY WINES (FREE FROM SUGAR AND ADDED SPIRIT).
El Elys (Natural Sherry) 25/- per doz.
Natural Port (a pure fully fermented wine, vigorous) 25/-
Delmarco et Cie. Brut Champagne, "Vin Exquis," absolutely free from sugar 25/-
Andre Leroux et Cie. Cuvée de Luxe 25/-
Cuvée de Luxe. Price Lists of other Dry Wines on application.
Dr. Paye in his work "Food and Dietetics" says:—"A pure and Dry Sherry may be said to constitute
one of the most wholesome liquids for general use of the fermented class."
Dr. Yorke-Lewis says:—"Your Natural Wines meet with my entire approbation."

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS
Gold Medals,
Paris, 1878:
1889.
Of Highest Quality; and having Greatest Durability, are therefore
CHEAPEST.
Nos. for BANKERS—Barrel Pens, 225, 226, 262, Slip Pens, 332,
909, 287, 166, 404, 601, 7000. In Fine, Medium, and Broad Points.

**MAPPIN & WEBB'S
DRESSING BAGS.**

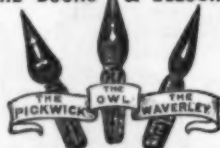


WORTH et Cie.
(Under Royal Patronage)
SPECIALITY IN
CORSETS

A separate department for
Gentlemen for every class
of Corset.

ONLY ADDRESS:
134, NEW BOND ST., W.
In connection with
Worth of Paris.

"THE BOONS & BLESSINGS."



MAGNIVEN & CAMERON, Ltd., EDINBURGH.

**SWIFT
CYCLES**

Fitted with Dunlop Tyres & Dunlop-Welch Rims.

KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
FOR SURPASSING

EXCELLENCE OF MATERIAL
EXTREME BEAUTY OF FINISH
LIGHTNESS and
EASE OF PROPULSION.

Catalogue for 1898 post free.

THE SWIFT CYCLE CO., Ltd., with which is
incorporated the COVENTRY MACHINISTS CO., Ltd.,
Coventry and 15 & 16, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

**GOLD & SILVER
Flasks**
manufactured by
S. Mordan & Co.

the Patents of the ever pointed Penol-case can be obtained
from all Gold & Silver smiths. Observe the makers mark (S.M.)
in conjunction with the London Hall mark (L.H.)

**25 GUINEA PALESTINE AND
EGYPT CRUISE**, January 21st. Ex-
tended Cruise, including Athens, Constantinople,
Smyrna, Damascus, &c. February 18th, on the S.Y.
"Midnight Sun," 3,100 tons, electric light, excellent
cuisine, accompanied by Mr. Perowne, Lecturer,
Bishop of Carlisle, Sir Lambert Playfair, Arch-
deacon Stevens, Professor Sayce, and Professor
Ramsey. Details, Secretary, & Endsleigh Gardens,
Easton, N.W.

**HÔTEL
MÉTROPOLE,
BRIGHTON.**

"The finest and most luxurious Seaside
Hotel in the World."

Charges moderate.

Proprietors: THE CORDON HOTELS, LTD.

THE CELEBRATED **MAB**
RAZOR

In a revolution to those who have habitually used
the big, clumsy Razor of the period. The ease with
which it is manipulated enables the user to shave
in half the usual time. The blade is manufactured
of the finest English Steel, and can be either plain,
or hollow ground. Prices—Black Handle, 2/6; Ivory,
2/6. Pair in Case (Black), 7/6; Ivory, 8/6, post free.
"MAB" CO., 73, Newhall Street, BIRMINGHAM.
City Agent—C. CLEMENTS, 42, Old Broad Street, E.C.
"The MAB" is to the old style of Razor what the
Pneumatic Tyre is to the old Solid Tyre.
Avoid spurious imitations, some genuine unless
bearing Trade Mark. "MAB."

CIGARES DE JOY
(Joy's Cigarettes)

Immediately Relieve

**ASTHMA, WHEEZING,
CHRONIC BRONCHITIS**

All Chemists, box of 35, 2/6, or Post Free
WILCOX, 63, Mortimer St., London W.
TRIAL SAMPLE FREE.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED
"PIONEER"

SWEETENED TOBACCO,

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

**RICHMOND CAVENDISH
Co., Ltd.,**

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class
tobacconists at home and abroad.

**ROWLANDS'
ODONTO**

Is the Best Dentifrice; it thoroughly
cleanses the Teeth from all Impurities,
Produces a Pearl-like Whiteness, Pre-
vents Decay, and Sweetens the Breath.
If you wish to Preserve your Teeth and
keep them

SOUND AND WHITE

use only Rowlands' Odonto. Sold by
Stores and Chemists. Write A. ROW-
LAND & SONS, 20, Hatton Garden,
London, for cash prices.



OF CORSETS—A FACT!

[A paper read before the British Association at Bath in praise of corsets declared that "reasonably tight" lacing increased mental and physical activity, by causing a more liberal supply of blood to the brain, muscles and nerves.]

LONG vainly have reformers tried
To stem the force of ladies' wills,
And long indignantly decried
Tight-lacing as the worst of ills.

Yet nothing stayed the use of stays;
Till now at length in their excuse
Benignant science smiles, and says
That folly lies in their abuse.

IMMORTAL WILLIAM, meaning SHAKESPEARE, hath ever some line appropriate to any modern instance. On Thursday last, at the Mansion House, a policeman described a harmless, but temporarily eccentric prisoner, as "a donkey-man on board the ship lying in Tilbury docks." So he was "writ down an ass." He had been guilty only of a "freak," just to show how easily a "donkey-man" could make an ass of himself.

THE BULL AND THE BEAR.

(A Stock Exchange Tale of Two Brothers.)

ONCE upon a time (according to the *City Press*), there were two sons of the same



parents who entered into partnership as stock-brokers. As partners they transacted business on the same lines. But when the compact was over, they specu-

lated privately on their own account. And one went for the rise and the other for the fall, and both employed the same broker. They were obstinate, and held on until one of them extracted a very considerable sum from his near relative. Thus the story ends so far as our contemporary is concerned. It would have been interesting to know whether the unsuccessful speculator subsequently sought the assistance of his uncle, or merely relied upon the appeal, "Am I not a man and a brother?"

MELODIES AND AIRS.—Now that the Winter has begun, judicious concert-goers have got out their fur caps, fur coats, fur rugs, woollen comforters, foot-warmers, and other necessities. Provided with these, it is often possible to spend an hour comfortably in an ordinary concert hall. It is rumoured that an enterprising inventor is about to produce a Patent Draught-proof Shelter, something like a gigantic glass extinguisher, each shelter to cover one person in the audience. The air for the lungs, and the air for the ears, would be admitted through a small tube warmed by hot water.



THE IMPERIAL "CRUMMLES."

German Emperor (Manager-Actor, reading aloud). "'CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TO THE YOUNG PRINCES,' 'CHASED SABRES,' 'MOTTO ENGRAVED ON FACE OF SWORD.' DEAR ME! I WONDER HOW THESE THINGS GET INTO THE PAPERS!"

[*"Mr. Crummles remarked 'that he could not for the life of him imagine how the newspapers found out the things they did.' 'I can't think who puts these things in. I didn't.'—Nicholas Nickleby.*]



Irate Non-sporting Farmer. "HI! YOU THERE! WHAT THE DUCE DO YOU MEAN BY RIDING OVER MY WHEAT?"
'Arry. "'ERE, I SAY! WHAT ARE YER GIVIN' US! WHEAT! WHY, IT'S ONLY BLOOMIN' MUD!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronness draws my attention to *The Army A B C* and *The Naval A B C* (DEAN AND SON), in dashing display of colour by R. SIMKIN. Quite appropriate that the representatives of the clergy, as "DEAN AND SON" may be taken to be, should show their appreciation of the Army and the Navy. And the never-out-of-date *Nursery Rhymes* make a fresh appearance in new tunes set by R. M. HARVEY.

A Book of Surprises (C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Limited), and *Jumbles*, the latter written and illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER. No connection to the sweet cake of toothsome charm, but they are quite as good and crisp, and will be enjoyed by every child, delighting in a New Year's giftbook, who has a properly-constituted sense for the fun of quaintness.

It is no use crying over spilt blood on the North-West frontier of India, though, alack! by reason of it the Christmas bells, whose echoes still vibrate, rang with muffled peel through many English homes. But if when we get out of this sad business, have buried our dead, and paid our bill of costs, there is any recrudescence of desire to achieve what in curiously identical circumstances Lord WELLESLEY sixty years ago described as "the folly of occupying a land of rocks, sand, desert, and snow," it is well to know that there is at hand a wholesome corrective. Had whomsoever is responsible for events that led up to this latest war, had at hand Sir JOHN ADYE's *Historical Sketch of Indian Frontier Policy* (SMITH, ELDER), he (or they) would, my Baroness charitably believes, have halted before the fatal conclusion. General ADYE writes with the authority of a man who has known India for half a century, has fought for it, and has helped to govern it. But he does not dogmatise. He is content to set forth in simplest form the history and results of earlier developments of "forward policy" in India, beginning with the invasion of Afghanistan that ended in the memorable retreat through the Khyber Pass in 1842. All these adventures have proved disastrous, the darkness of defeat being illumined only by the brilliancy of the courage of the beleaguered British troops. Each one has been condemned in advance by authorities such as the Duke of WELLINGTON, Mr. ELPHINSTONE, Sir JOHN KEANE, Sir ALEXANDER BURNES, and, though this will seem strange, Lord LYTTON. Not the least stern critic of the Government of to-day is the

statesman who in 1881, defending the decision to retire from Candahar, said: "The moral defect of a scrupulous adherence to declarations which have been made, and a striking and convincing proof given to the people and princes of India that the British Government have no desire for further annexation of territory could not fail to produce a most salutary effect in removing the apprehensions and strengthening the attachment of our native allies throughout India and on our frontiers." This prophetic commentary on the Chitral policy, which the Duke of DEVONSHIRE in common with his colleagues approved, was offered by Lord HARTINGTON.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HOW TO KEEP A DIARY.

(By a Correspondent with Good Intentions.)

January 1, 1898.—Now, I propose writing a full account of my life day by day. It should be interesting if I speak of those I meet, the places I see, the theatres I visit. Now and again I must consider my own conduct, giving, from time to time, a self-analysis. This should be useful to me in years to come, when this then well-filled tome will be a record of my every thought, my every action. I have often made up my mind to keep such a diary, and I seize the occasion of the glad New Year to commence it. But of one thing I must be sure—regularity. I hope never to be guilty of omission. As each period of twenty-four hours becomes completed, I will jot down the events just passed. By this means I shall keep in touch with the world, and this volume will be valued as a contemporary description of our present times. And so I close my first entry, with the determination of returning to this book every night until the three hundred and sixty-five shall have been completed.

December 31, 1898.—Taken up this book for the second time in the year, just drawing to a close. Don't seem to have quite carried out my intention. Well, better luck in 1899!

A SURE RECIPE FOR NIGHTMARE.—Give a supper-party to all the "Freaks" at BARNUM'S SHOW. This is sufficient. It is not necessary to join them in swallowing needles, fire, swords, or watches.



SHOCKING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

Father. } *Duet* { "BABY SAY DAD! (*Encouragingly.*) D—D—D—"
 Mother. } { "BABY SAY MAM! (*Encouragingly.*) MAM—MAM—"
 Baby. "D—D—DAM!"

LOWER BOYS' CONFERENCE.

THE first of these assemblies, which are to form a recurring feature of the Christmas Holidays, met yesterday; Mr. J-N-S Septimus, of Giggleswick, occupied the chair. Numerous letters were read expressing regret for non-attendance; the chief reasons assigned being the exigencies of the pantomime season, and the claims of dyspepsia consequent upon Christmas conviviality.

The Chairman in brief but effective terms explained the objects of the meeting. It had been summoned for the purpose of considering the resolutions discussed at the late Head Masters' Conference, or, more correctly, at the late Conference of Head Masters; and for other purposes. Those who had followed the history of the Engineers' Dispute—he could not accurately say that he himself had taken an absorbing interest in it—must have observed that the Employers had rotted the Trades' Union by forming an amalgamation "on their own." By the Rule of Three (*groans*) it could be shown that as the Employer was to the Workman so the Boy was to the so-called Master. He (the Boy) employed him (the Master); and actually went so far as to pay him—though perhaps indirectly—a very handsome wage for work done, or even left undone. It was unnecessary to ask such an intelligent assembly as he saw before him, not to be deceived by that abuse of language by which, in academical terminology, the employee proper took upon himself the misleading title of "Master." To avoid confusion, however, it would be convenient if gentlemen, when referring to that class of individual, would employ the recognised expression, "*Brusher*." ("*Hear, hear!*")

He would remind his fellow-employers that the only sure way of improving their position was to combine, on the four three-quarter-back system, against the banded tyranny of those who were, strictly speaking, their slaves. At the same time it was not his, the Chairman's, wish, by insisting too irreconcilably on their natural rights, to drive education over to Germany, and other impossible foreign parts. "Live and let live" should be

the motto that animated their reforms; and he therefore begged to invite any suggestions that might make for compromise. The athletic gentleman here resumed the chair amid hearty cat-calls.

The first resolution was moved by Mr. BR-WN Quintus of Cheltenham in the following form: "That in the opinion of this Conference there is a growing tendency, much to be deplored, in the direction of devoting too much time to study, to the neglect of the more urgent claims of athletics." He felt sure that he voiced the opinion of all present when he said ("*Hear, hear!*") that study was an excellent thing ("*No, no!*"). If fellows would allow him to complete his sentence by the addition, well-known in analysis, of a definitive adverbial clause ("*Shop!*"), he was about to say that study was an excellent thing in the opinion of their venerated parents. ("*Shame!*") But there were limits; and what was good, in the opinion of the aforesaid, who were probably never young themselves, might be carried, and *was* carried, to unnatural excess. Study, he considered, was intended as a healthy sedative to be administered in the intervals of serious athletic pursuits. One could not play all day; one must eat, for instance (*loud cheers*); and in addition to the intervals for refreshment both at, and between, meals, there were moments when tired Nature demanded a contrast which should give an added zest to their habitual occupation. At such moments he thought that a French verb or two (not of course the irregular ones), or a touch of Euclid (though he disapproved on principle of the fifth proposition of the first book) might be found rather entertaining than otherwise. ("*Question!*") But to suppose, as was the tendency with modern Brushers, that work was the sole object of their existence, in fact, if he might so say, their single *raison d'être*, was to fly in the face of all the best traditions; in other words, it was skittles. At this point the speaker sat down hard upon his silk-hat, to the marked approval of his immediate neighbours.

Amid loud calls for SM-TH Secundus, of Rugby, that gentleman, whose burly stature presented all the indications of ap-

proaching superannuation, rose to second the resolution. It had long been his rooted opinion that just as certain chaps of weakly constitution (smugs, in fact) were excused from Big Side on the ground of supposed infirmity, so there ought to be doctors' certificates allowing a fellow like himself, who suffered from a chronic indisposition in regard to literary effort, to be excused from unhealthy confinement in a class-room. He wished he could remember two other strong points which he had worked out before coming down to the House: but anyhow, he would second the resolution; rather. It was then put from the chair, and carried with appalling unanimity.

Encouraged by the pressure of a pointed instrument, Mr. R-B-N-S-N Minor, of Haileybury, rose to move the next resolution, which was couched in terms of great conciseness: "That Latin Verse is rot." It was not always, he said, that he found himself in agreement with his own, or any other, Head Brusher. (*Loud applause.*) But he was honestly glad to admit that old L-TIL-T-N had had the pluck to ventilate this offensive nuisance. Poets were born and not made. If they would pardon the expression he would like to say, *Poeta nascit, non fitur.* (*A voice—"Good old Bobbles!"*) Now he did not happen to be born that way, and he was glad to think that he was not likely to be made either. Speaking for himself as one who hoped eventually, with luck, to be a brewer, he did not see the direct utility of verse-composition in a deceased language. BALBUS and CÆSAR and those Johnnies were bad enough, but when it came to making elegies like OVID with a Gradus it was simply footling. (*Applause.*) If you must have poetry, what you got at the Music Halls was good enough for him.

[*Loud cheers, with chorus of "Soldiers of the Queen," during which the speaker sat down with circumspection.*]

Mr. S-MPK-NB Minimus (provenance unknown), in supporting the resolution "That Latin Verse is rot," said that the mention of Music Halls reminded him of something that was on his chest. He had often felt that it would be a salutary change, if instead of dull people coming down from time to time to lecture to them on Africa and Mars and those things, an invitation was given to Mr. DAN LENO and similar artists to give them now and then an entertainment combining elevation with amusement. (*Uproarious applause.*) He hoped he was not wandering from the subject. ("No, no!") The learned gentleman concluded by quoting in contemptuous tones the first half of the opening line of the *Æneid*.

The Chairman here said that a pressing engagement to tea, followed by a Barnum-and-Bailey, compelled him to adjourn the meeting. On the morrow they would discuss the following proposals:—

That means should be adopted for keeping a closer supervision over the Junior Brushers in their hours of leisure.

That in all circumstances in which hitherto the relation of Boy and Brusher had been an individual relation, as in the employment of the rod, cane, or birch, the right of combination among Boys for the protection of their interests be recognised.

That facilities for over-time in bed be extended.

A cordial interchange of orange-peel then terminated the proceedings.

TO THE GIANTESS AT OLYMPIA.

MISS LEAH MAY, these humble lines I venture to address to you
Should evidently be, like you, exceptionally long.
I'm short, and like all little men, I willingly confess to you,
I choose a tallish woman as the subject of a song.

Yet hitherto I've been content with girls you would look down upon,

And worshipped maidens measuring a mere six feet or so,
But now your stately head I place a metaphoric crown upon;
You are the finest woman I can ever hope to know.

Your limbs—I use the quite genteel expression of America—
So very long, exalt your waist above my lowly head:
Your skirt, two yards in length, suggests to followers of
HERRICK a

New poem, not on JULIA, but you, LEAH, instead.

However, I am puzzled what amusement I can offer you.

A little stroll,—I could not walk on stilts I am afraid.
To drive you in a dog-cart would divert each passing scoffer; you
Could ride no safety-cycle, not the highest ever made.

Perhaps you dance? For that I have a very great proclivity.

Let's go to Covent Garden, in appropriate disguise;
You personate America, the land of your nativity,
And I will go as Cuba, just proportionate in size.



TRAIN UP A CHILD, &c.

Mrs. Hunt (a popular and prosperous pauper). "Now, ALLBERT, WHAT'LL YER SAY, WHEN I TIKE YER INTO THE KIND LIDY'S DROBIN' ROOM?"

Albert (a proficient pupil). "OH! ALL RIGHT, I KNOW—PUT ON BEAUTIFUL LORST LOOK, AND SAY, 'OH! MUVVER, IS THIS 'EAVEN?'"

THE TERROR BY NIGHT.

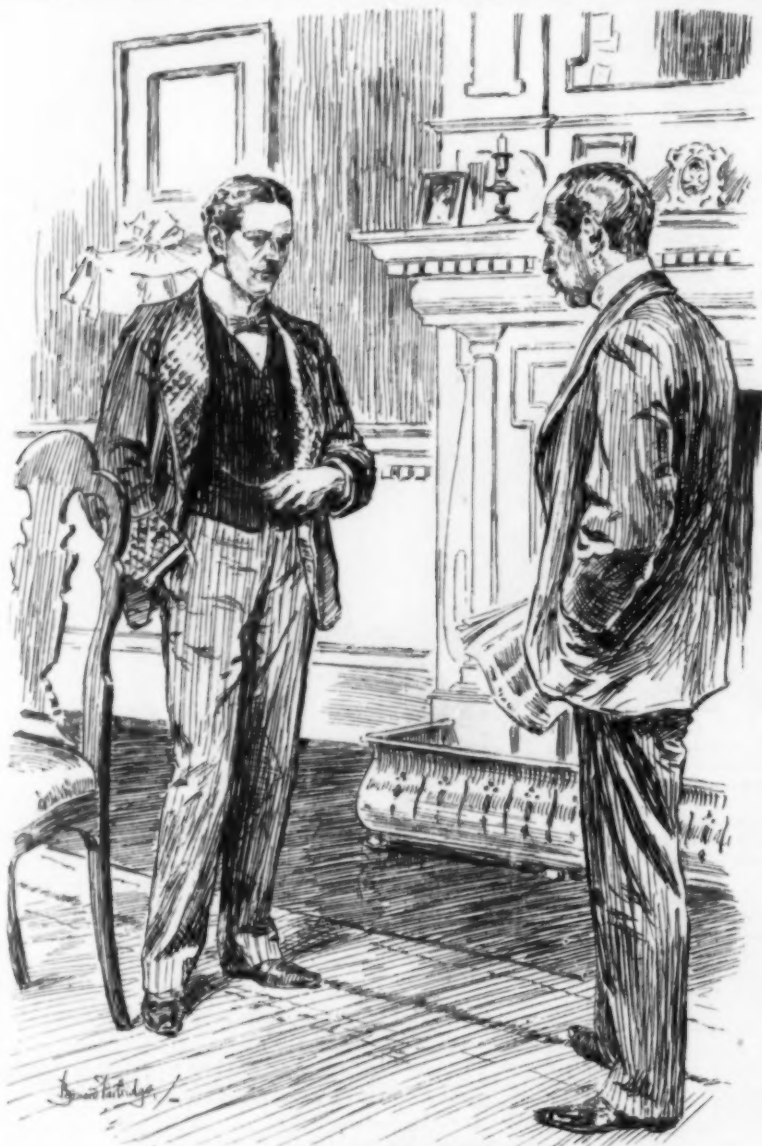
(A counterblast by a Light Sleeper, with apologies to Robert Browning.)

[According to the *Daily Telegraph* of December 31, an American reformer is reported to have drafted a "bill for the summary suppression of snoring in sleeping-cars and other public places," which will shortly be laid before the Legislature of Kansas, and stands a good chance of becoming law.]

Oh, to be in Kansas,
When that law is there,
And whoever sleeps in Kansas
Wakes next morning, unaware,
Having slept, like a dormouse, round the clock,
Unroused, undisturbed by the stert'rous shock
Of the searching snore that they'll not allow
In Kansas, now!

I'd rhyme in thankful rapt'rous stanzas
If the world would follow the lead of Kansas!
Hark where all night resounds a trumpet-nose
Of some fell snorer, open-mouthed, in clover,
In sleeping-car, hotel, where'er one goes—
That's the bug-bear, who snorts each snort twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
Yes, such nocturnes are breaches of the peace—
Would that the law might let such terrors cease,
By making snorers all together snore,
Each waking each, until they sleep no more!

Germany and Russia (to China). Tea and turn out? No, thank you. We both prefer to take a little Chinese port, and consider that it will be all the better for keeping.



MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Sangozur, Senior. "LOOK HERE, WHAT'S ALL THIS NONSENSE I HEAR ABOUT YOUR WANTING TO MARRY AN ACTRESS!"

Sangozur, Junior. "IT'S QUITE TRUE, SIR. BUT—ER—YOU CAN HAVE NO CONCEPTION HOW VERY POORLY SHE ACTS!"

NOT QUITE THE JOURNALIST.

(An Intercepted Letter.)

January 1, 1898.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—You say that you have determined to give up the attempt of entering the Service—firstly, "because you are not up to the examination," and secondly, "because you don't know what on earth you would do if there were war." Then you add, you don't care for the Law, are not fit for the Church, hate medicine, and are "too great a duffer for play-acting." So, having come to these conclusions, you ask me if there is an opening in Fleet Street. Can you write for the Press?

You appear to have arrived at the conclusion that, as you seem to be good for nothing else, perhaps you may be intended for the newspapers. You declare you cannot write, know nothing about grammar, and believe your spelling to be something awful—a word you prefer to spell "orlie." And having told me all this, you ask my opinion as to your capability for becoming a journalist.

Well, my dear nephew, to be frank with you, I cannot conscientiously say that your accomplishments are quite up to the standard of the calling. I would speak of the labour as "profession" if I were not writing by the card. A journalist should

be a scholar, and, as the exercise of discrimination has to come into play, a gentleman. He will be none the worse for having had a Public School and University Education; and perhaps a trifle the better for being in a position to feel that his ancestors have been scholars and gentlemen before him. So you see that after all it is not everyone who can boast of being a journalist in the best sense of a sometimes misused word. But when I have said this, I think I can find an opening for you. But mind you, I question whether my proposal is exactly journalism.

Now what I would suggest is simply this. If you cannot write yourself, get some one to write for you. You can become an interviewer. Your opening matter can be in common form. Short account of the exterior of the house, the hall and the study. Then let your subject supply the rest of the article. Take down what he says, and send him the proof to correct. But if you find this too much trouble, you can lithograph a letter asking some eminent individual what he thinks of this, that and t'other. If you have a copy of that excellent publication, *Who's Who*, beside you—as you should—all you will have to do is to select from its biographical pages a suitable number of appropriate personages, and bombard them with your circulars. By this means, you will be able to let an expectant public know what the Premier thinks about golf, where the Lord Chancellor goes for his midsummer holidays, and whether the Archbishop of Canterbury considers mince-pies less indigestible than plum-pudding.

If you adopt my suggestion, no doubt you will be able to obtain a livelihood, but you must clearly understand that I cannot guarantee you the right to call yourself a journalist. With the best wishes of the season,

Your affectionate uncle,
A. PENN DRIVER.

Butterfly Gardens, Bohemia.

CHARMING CINDERELLA.

THAT accomplished composer and experienced manager, Mr. OSCAR BARRETT is to be congratulated upon a really excellent pantomime. Music, dancing, and scenery are all capital, and the company engaged is of unlimited merit. Such a company, when it winds up—probably after Easter—will wind up with a blaze of triumph. NICHOLLS, LE HAY, KAYE, GRACE DUDLEY, CICELY RICHARDS, and KATE PHILLIPS are all names to conjure with. The magic of the *dramatis personæ* has led to enchantment. *Cinderella* appears in several London theatres this season, and the public seem to have taken to the game of hunting her slipper. The many-headed will find the crystal shoe and its splendid accessories, animate and inanimate, in absolute perfection at the Garrick.

SAID SAMUEL LEWIS,
My case that of few is,
For now SPENDER CLAY
Has got scot-free away,
And, long ago, NEVILL
Has gone to the—to the Continent.

One for the New Woman.

Q. Why is it that so many of the minor criminal offences may be described as feminine?

A. Because they are invariably mis(s)-demeanours.



ANOTHER "SICK MAN."

THE SULTAN (*cheerily*). "GOING TO PIECES, OLD MAN? NONSENSE! ALL YOU WANT IS A DOSE OF
'CONCERT OF EUROPE!' WHY—LOOK AT ME!!"



POUNDED.

Young Shaver. "NOW THEN, MATE, SHOVE HIM AT IT, AND MAKE US A HOLE. 'WHERE THE CAT CAN GET THROUGH, THE KITTEN CAN FOLLOW,' YOU KNOW!"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

PART II.

Thursday night.—Have got over interview and explanation with Mrs. B. about the third boy. It is a nuisance, but I suppose we can't help ourselves now. Suggest they should retire to their rooms and wash hands, and get tidy for dinner. "Oh! that don't matter," says Tommy, cheerily, "blow washing—it's such rot!" Am mildly insistent, however, on this point, and away they go upstairs, whooping and yelling like so many Sioux Indians. Ten minutes later, they descend, like an avalanche, into hall, sliding down bannisters, one after the other, and landing with a crash into hat-stand, knocking it over, and bringing down whip-rack with it. We go in to dinner, Boots sweeping down Chinese idol—a pet possession of mine—as he enters room. Except for Max trying to give Pincher spoonful of soup, which missed the dog but went over Turkey carpet, things are fairly quiet till dessert, when Tommy essays an olive and hurriedly retires from room to get rid of it. Boots eats enormous quantities of preserved fruit, and shortly after relapses into moody silence, looking rather pallid. Dinner over, Max says he "would like to do a smoke," but this I sternly forbid. He then strolls round room, picking up all the quaint china pieces, and keeping me in perfect fever of anxiety; whilst TOMMY teases my pet Persian cat until, with a wild "Mol-row!" she bolts for door, upsetting fern-stand and smashing small Sevres cup and

saucer in her rapid flight. TOMMY looks quite surprised, and remarks that he is "blowed" if he didn't think she liked it. At 9.30, venture to hint that it is time all good little boys were in bed. Boots at once rises, and (paler than ever) slinks quietly away. TOMMY and MAX both protest that when at home they always sit up till ten. Sigh resignedly, and wait another half-hour. At ten, say, "If you'll go to bed quietly now, we'll ferret the banks tomorrow, and you shall have some rabbiting." "Hooray!" Ear-splitting sound, which brings Mrs. B. in from housekeeper's room. I apologise for them; say "Boys will be boys." "Boys will be men," she retorts, "and they ought to behave themselves according." TOMMY, I regret to say, puts his thumb to his nose as she closes the door behind her. Get them off to bed at last. Thank goodness! Now for quiet cigar and just—"Please, Sir, the young gentleman who went up to bed first is groaning terrible, and says he's going to die, and would like to send a last message to his grandmamma (who, he thinks, has never treated him well), if you'd be kind enough to go upstairs and see him." Put down cigar and visit sufferer. Find him sea-green colour, and wonder what on earth I'm to do. Tells me, between heart-rending groans, that he is suffering severely in the lower chest. Luckily, our doctor lives only half a mile away, so send my man for him at once. Doctor arrives, sees patient, then comes to my room. "Greedy little beast—overeaten himself—be all right in morning." Doctor accepts cigar,

and tells me gleefully of singularly horrible operation, which was "completely successful, my dear Sir; patient died, it's true, but from our point of view, nothing could have been more satisfactory." To bed at last, wearied and oppressed by vague sense of responsibility.

PROVINCIAL PATRIOTISM AND ART.—Brighton and Southend, to commemorate the Jubilee, have erected statues of the JUBILEE. In honour of this exclusively British celebration, these enlightened towns, having heard the name of Mr. MICHAEL ANGELO, obtained their statues from Italy. They would not employ mere Englishmen. Captious critics complain that the statues do not appear to have been executed by MICHAEL ANGELO. But Brighton and Southend are quite satisfied. They know that the jobs were executed by the present firm, which carries on the large business of Messrs. ANGELO, DONATELLO, Ghiberti & Co., most of the members of the old firm being dead.



RATIONAL STAINED-GLASS.

Design (late Plantagenet Period) for the Malwood Temperance Hall, Derby.

[As suggested by Professor Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., who recently protested (see *Punch*, No. 2947, page 310) against "the mawkish, effeminate, weak faces so often pictured in stained-glass windows."]



REMARKABLE EFFECT OF A NAUTICAL CANDIDATE ON AN ORDINARILY STAID COMMUNITY!

["The infectious high spirits and the jovial 'salt-water' style of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD cannot fail to take effect upon his supporters."—*Daily Paper*.]

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

JOURNEY TOWARDS THE HEADTOWN.

To the Over-Newspapers-Direktor and General-Statecouncillor Mister Punch, Highwellborn, at London.

HIGHWELLBORN MISTER,—I have the englisch Spiech in the Skul lern't. I kan she even so gud as the most Germans, who she only in the Skul studirt have. Unluckilywise have i till nat no Opportunity had, she to reit and to spiek. But now endly kom i towards London, over Brüssel and Calais, and in very short Time shall i as one Englandman spiek. The Outspiek—*Ausprache*—is hard, the Orthographie is yet harder, but the Grammatic is very light. The Germans are mutsch cleverer than the Englandmans, and lern the outlandisch Spiechs very rasch. I reit now seemly—*ziemlich*—gud, but later shall You one grate Bettering observe.

On the from Calais towards Dover koming Dampship see i to first Your Land. It rain. I see astounded the little Haven, and the yet littler not so grate as in Calais Quay of Dover, at. What for one despisable Town! Even so rasch as possibly step i the Gang up, and haste after the Train. There kom one Mann to me towards and ask, "Witch Station?" "London," answer i. *Er wiederholt*, "Witch Station?" *Ach so! Es giebt viele Bahnhöfe, wie in Berlin. Aber welcher? Central Bahnhof natürlich.* I say also, "Central Railstation." "Central Railway not finished yet." "Wie? Also London." "London Britsch?" say he. "Yes well," answer i. "Go to Kannonstriet." "No," say i, "London." "Then change at Dovern Station." Change, what is that? I search in mine Wordbook. *Ach so, aussteigen.* I step in the Train up. The Waggon of the first Class is very little, but he go not very far.

I am thirsty, i will one Glas Bier drink. I call one Knave, Knaben—*ach nein, Boy—who etwas to drink sell, at*, "What for Bier hast thou?" "No Bier, Maunsiah," answer he, "Kuppati." "Ich bin kein Franzoser, I am no French," call i, "i know not what is one Kuppati, i will one Glas Bier drink. Hast thou no Münchener, no Pilsener?" "Dunnoam," say he, "no Bier, Ten." *Thee! Ach, Donnerwetter! Natürlich! In England trinkt man immer Thee. Wie schrecklich! Bier trinke ich so gern, aber Thee—! That kan i not. What for one Land! Kein Bier! If i only nau in Berlin, in the Café Bauer, were!*

Nau go the Train. Too Minutes later halt he. What is that? "Dover Town." Hier must i outstep. *Ach, ich will ein Schinkenbrod in der Restauration essen. Ja, ja, ja! I see one Gepäckträger, and i call tootime, zuzimal, "Packagecarrier!"* Endly kom he, and then say i, "Where is the Restoration?" "The wot?" ask he. "The Restoration." "There is the Restoration," say one hier to koming Mister, "of the old Church in the Castle, there is none hier, no Bilder doing anything." "Bilder," answer i, "i require no Pictures, i wish only one Hambread, but i shall not just to the Restoration in the Schloss upstep. Gives it no Hambreads hier? *Etwas zu essen, to eat.*" "Ah, to eat," say the Mister, "the Refreshmentroom is there." I haste therein. It is a Buffett. I search in mein Wordbook, and i say to the Kellnerin, the Büfettfräulein, "Beg, one Sandwich." She bring ein Stückchen, one small morsel, Bread with Ham. I search yet again and i say, "No, thank. Beg, one Sausage." She say, "We have no Sausages." *Himmel! What for one land! No Schinkenbrod! No Sausage! Aber ich muss etwas essen.* Endly eat i one little Sandwich. Then say the Miss, "Will you have some Bier?" "Bier," call i, "How? Kan man hier Bier and not Tea drink?" "Yes," answer she. Even so rasch as possibly drink i one Glas Bier. *Oh, wie gut! One second Glas. Ach, wie gut! Then eat i one Dozen, or more, of the little Sandwichs. Nicht so gut.* And then yet one Glas Bier. The englisch Glas, as the englisch Sandwich, is very little. So drink i yet nineteen Glas. *Ach, wie himmlisch! The Büfettfräulein is astounded. Warum? Then sit i in the Waitsaloon, in order this Letter to reit. The englisch Bier is gud. I am sleepy.*

I have the Honour me of Your Affectionateness best to saygoodbye, and remain with completest Highattention,
Your Highwellborn's obedientest
LUDWIG.

"LIMBS."—The prim people of the United States never use the word "leg." Naturally they have been interested, at BARNUM'S Show, in the limbless man whose feet are joined to his body. He seems very cheerful and pleasant. Perhaps he thinks what an excellent type of man evolution might produce. His legs could not be mentioned even by the coarsest Britisher.

A "LUSUS NATURÆ."—A fly-man.

ADVICE GRATIS.

MY DEAR ETHEL,—You complain, I understand, that in my last letter I failed to obey your wishes by sending you notes on "what is worn" in town just now. A modest distrust of my own powers must be my excuse. Frankly, it is extremely difficult for a man (and a bachelor at that) to enter lightly into the mysteries of costume; it seems to him that a lifetime of study could scarce fit him to deal with a subject so difficult in itself, so abstruse in its technical terms. However, you repeat your request with such insistence that I dare not shirk the task again. Perhaps from the bald prose of my description you will be able to evolve the poetry of a fashionable costume, wherewith, I take it, you intend to dazzle your villagers at Puddleton at the commencement of the New Year. In any case, you will do me the justice to recollect that nothing short of your imperious bidding could have induced me to undertake the task, and that none can be more deeply conscious of my deficiencies as a fashion-writer than myself. How gladly would I have made this letter a joy to you and your numerous girlfriends, how gladly would I have garnished it with such words, full of occult delight, as "*guipure*," and "*passenterie*," and "*poult de soie*," did not my unhappy ignorance prevent me from knowing what they mean!

However, I must delay no longer; without further excuse, and merely begging you to pardon my blunders more than usually gross, I will write out my notes, collected during a few walks in the fashionable part of London.

Let us begin at the top, with the all-important hat. If you wish for one quite in the latest mode, this appears to be the recipe. Buy a hat several sizes too large for you. Adorn it with ribbons of the most flaring hue, scarlet and magenta, for choice. Put it on in the ordinary way. Then ask a friend to strike a severe blow on one side of the brim. The result, naturally, will be that the hat will assume a position on the side of your head; the greater the angle the better. Your "head-gear," as I notice some of the milliners are beginning to call it, will then be fashionable beyond reproach.

The top part of the dress (which is called the "body," isn't it?) now mostly worn is indeed remarkable. Also, it must be convenient, because it doesn't matter how you put it on, as the back is exactly the same as the front, and there is a kind of ruff below the waist, which sticks out stiffly all the way round. Both in front and behind the thing should be made with four times as much material as is sufficient; underneath you should be able to conceal, let us say, a fair-sized sewing-machine without detection. The result, I have just remembered, is called a "Russian blouse," and for pure, undiluted hideousness it defies all rivals.

I can't say much about the skirt, except that, of course, you'll be careful to choose a colour for it that clashes as violently as possible with the rest of the costume. It should be lined with bright red, and in this muddy weather you can legitimately prevent the public from being ignorant that the red lining is there. But it were idle to offer you or any woman instruction on that point.

It will add greatly to the effect if you tie your muff on to you with a chain, plenti-



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Brown.
Jones.

"WHAT THE DOOCE ARE YOU PLAYIN' AT?"

fully bejewelled with imitation gems. Nothing, in fact, could be in better taste. But as an alternative, you may wear a collar-chain of gold, which will hang down gracefully, and terminate, somewhere near your feet, in a golden heart about the size of a sardine-tin.

I trust that these few hints will suffice for the present. Of course, as you say, it is most important to you to know of all the latest fashions at Puddleton, where, so you put it, you are buried alive. It is good of you to hope that I shall be able to come to you, as your mother kindly suggests, early in the New Year. About that, I confess, I have some doubt. For, when I hear that you have arrayed yourself in a costume of the most fashionable kind, when you have adopted the tilted hat, and the Russian blouse, and the sham jewellery and the rest of it—then, my dear ETHEL, I shall hastily conclude that I have an engagement which will prevent me from coming to Puddleton. Yours most sincerely,

THOMAS.

TO AN EXALTED PERSONAGE.

YOUR notion is all very fine,
O WILLIAM, who's second to none!
To succour the Christian divine
Is right, and it ought to be done.

The cynic who's captious may sneer,
O WILLIAM, who's one of the best!
It's not for the priests that you fear,
You're hoping to feather your nest.

"THE FORUM OF AUGUSTUS is the cats' home of Rome," said the *St. James's Gazette*. Surely the catacombs would be the more appropriate locality. And, *à propos*, as WHITTINGTON would have been nobody without his cat, so one of the noblest Romans of them all would have been a mere anybody, an *ulius*, but for the Cat which made him what he was, *i.e.*, CATULLUS.

A "PROVISIONAL ARRANGEMENT."—A luncheon-basket.



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

IF THE THONG OF YOUR WHIP GETS UNDER YOUR HORSE'S TAIL, JUST TRY TO PULL IT OUT!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A disappointed Rhymester bewails his past career and shattered hopes.

YES! Somewhere in the long time past,
Amid the mists of bygone years,
I thought I'd found a love to last,
The while were smiles and never tears,
The while the roses decked all June,
The while the Sun-god shed his beams,
And Pan piped out his merriest tune—
Dreams, only dreams!

And somehow in that long ago,
When friends were many, foes were few,
I even thought a Winter snow
Would never cloak the hope that grew,
That neither ice, nor storm, nor rain,
Nor all the pain that joy redeems,
Could alter love or make refrain—
Dreams, only dreams!

To-day I know that I was wrong,
That Winter has its pride of place,
The battle must go to the strong,
The fleetest triumph in the race!
The brook that once I deemed a rill
Is now the mightiest of streams;
On it I meant to urge my will—
Dreams, only dreams!

The candle-light I held still flares
With fickle and uncertain glow,
The wheat is stifled by the tares,
The clock's wound up, but will not go!
The worn-out goose-quills seem to jeer
At covered foolscap stacked in reams;
Yet once their union was dear—
Dreams, only dreams!

Albeit in my lonely chair—
The scanty coal is burning low—
I give not all to grim despair
When musing on that long ago.
For in the tableaux of my life
Each picture with the truth still teems,
You are my sweetheart, if not wife—
Reality, not dreams!

Vegetable-Animal Life.

Young Larkins (reading from paper a description of Osborne House). "The grounds abound with conifers." What the dickens are conifers, father?

Old Larkins. Eh? (Thinking.) Conies—con— (Suddenly.) Of course, they're rabbit-skins, you young dunderhead!

Hairdresser. Hair cut to-day, Sir?
Customer. Well—um— (Makes up his mind.) No, thank you, I shan't bother my head about it. [Exit.]

THE POET PAST AND PRESENT.

THE Poet is popularly supposed to have a soul which soars above mundane things; we can see him as he appeared in 1838, with his "eye in a fine frenzy rolling," while he indited verses such as the following, which duly appeared in that part of the local newspaper known as "Poet's Corner":—

1838.

Once Cupid, 'tis said,
In search of a bed,
Distractedly sought far and wide,
"Each rose bears a thorn,
My wings will be torn
Before I find shelter," he cried.
About to despair,
He finds a couch where
He slumbers in blissful repose.
For surely he lies
In CELIA'S eyes,
Which violet blossoms disclose.

But this is a practical age. The Poet has not ceased to twang his lyre; on the contrary, he sings louder than ever, and to some purpose, as the following elegant extract from the advertisement columns of the *Surrey Comet* will testify.

The lay is too long to give in *extenso*; we quote one stanza only:—

1898.

I got 'em ashore, as I said before,
At a port called Surbiton,
A-facing the station is moored the ship,
And "FR-M-X" is wrote thereon,
It's an A1 craft, with a show on deck
Of Station'ry, Purses, Frames,
Pictures and Pottery, White-wood goods,
And Pencils, and Paints, and Games.

BRIGHTON STATUES.—The Corporation of Brighton has gratefully accepted the discarded statues from the late Mr. BARNATO'S house in Park Lane, and is about to erect these precious works of art, at considerable expense, in the public gardens. "*Ars longa*" these illustrious municipal connoisseurs are determined to have. Ears longer they must know they already possess—ears longer even than those of the more humble animals which at times adorn, not the public gardens, but the beach.

During the Fog.

Daily Passenger (at suburban station). How are the trains running this morning?
Facitious Stationmaster. On the usual lines, Sir.

AN ESSENTIALLY POLITE MEMBER OF A POPULAR PROFESSION.—The civil engineer.



Up to Concert Pitch.

The **WORLD** looks on
and **LAUGHS** and
drinks its
**EPPS'S
COCOA**
just the same.
WHY?



Because it has been pronounced
— by the World's best judges —
GRATEFUL & COMFORTING
not for a day but for a lifetime.
It is the World's standard of
EXCELLENCE and nothing
can alter it.

Burrow's "Soda."

If you want **REAL SODA**
for your Whiskey, ask for it
by its **PLAIN NAME**, and
get **BURROW'S** if you can—
It is by far the best.
Bottled at **THE SPRINGS, MALVERN.**

"PUNCH"
is being set up every week by
LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

"From the health-covered mountains of
Scotia I come."
DEWAR'S
Choice Old
WHISKY.

**"SCOTSMAN
BLEND."**

A combination of the
finest Whiskies made in
the Highlands of Scot-
land, thoroughly ma-
tured in wood after
cherry, for family use.
Years Old. Per Doz.
6 ... 30/- 2 Galls.
10 ... 45/- "
15 ... 61/- "

Sent free to any part
of the Kingdom on re-
ceipt of remittance for
amount. Sole Proprietor
J. H. DEWAR,
7, Rose St., Glasgow, W.



RICHMOND CEM



CIGARETTES.
UNEQUALLED
FOR DELICACY AND FLAVOR.

Martell's

"Three Star"
Brandy.



ROPER
FRÈRES'
FIRST QUALITY
CHAMPAGNE.

WELCOME ALWAYS,
KEEP IT HANDY,
GRANT'S MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY.

DELICIOUS—COMFORTING.

Ask for **GRANT'S**, and don't be put off with
inferior makes.

BILLIARD TABLES.

THURSTON & CO. (Ld.), 16, Catherine St.,
Strand, W.C., the oldest established and lead-
ing house in the trade. Sole Warrant of Her
Majesty. Billiard Tables and requisites of the
finest quality and finish. Prices moderate.
Sole makers of the "Perfect" Low Cushions,
as fitted to Her Majesty's Tables at Osborne,
Windsor Castle, and Buckingham Palace.
These can be attached to any Billiard Table.
See: Ivory Balls, thoroughly seasoned.

The *London Medical Record* says:
"Retained when all other
Foods are rejected. It is in-
valuable."

**FOOD FOR
INFANTS**

BENGER'S
BENGER'S Food is sold
by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

The *British Medical Journal* says:
"Benger's Food' has by its
excellence established a reputa-
tion of its own."

**INVALIDS AND
THE AGED**

**C. Brandauer & Co's
Circular-Pointed Pens.**

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.



These
Series of
Pens Write as
Smoothly as a
Lead Pencil. Neither
Scratch nor Spurt, the
points being rounded by a
special process. Assorted
Sample Box for 7 stamps from the
Works, BIRMINGHAM.

ESTABLISHED 1824.

**Needham's
Polishing
Paste**

The most reliable preparation for cleaning and brilliantly polishing
Brass, Copper, Tin, Britannia Metal, Platinoid, &c. Sold everywhere.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS:

JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Sheffield.
London Office: 81, George's House, Eastcheap, E.C.

**THE WORTHIER
WHISKY OF
ALL**

PATTISON'S
IT SPEAKS
FOR ITSELF.

Rich—Mellow—Mature.

Sold HERE, THERE, and EVERYWHERE.

SOLE PROPRIETORS: **PATTISSONS, LTD.,** DISTILLERS,
LEITH—BALLINDALLOCH—LONDON.

Head Office—Constitution Street, LEITH.

**COLEMAN'S
WINCARNIS**

Is a delicious beverage and tonic made from Port Wine,
Liebig's Extract of Meat and Extract of Malt.

OVER FIVE THOUSAND

Unsolicited Testimonials have been received from Medical Men.
The following important Testimonial has been
received from Dr. FLETCHER.

"Dear Sirs—Please forward quarter of a dozen 'Wincarnis'
immediately as my patient's supply is about done. I trust there
will be no delay, as he takes no other nourishment, and has been
continued and gained strength by 'Wincarnis' for twelve weeks.
Yours faithfully, DUNCAN FLETCHER, L.R.C.P.

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of the above,
COLEMAN & CO., Ltd.,
NORWICH and LONDON.

Sample bottle may be had, free of charge, on receipt of full postal address.

THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL

Ever awarded

solely for Toilet Soap

at any International Exhibition in
the World was obtained by

Pears



Reduced Fac-simile of Gold Medal awarded by the
Jurors of the Paris Exhibition, 1889.

"The favourite Cocoa of
the day.

"For nourishment there
is nothing superior to be
found."

Medical Magazine.

**Cadbury's
COCOA**

"The
Standard of
Highest Purity."

The Lancet.